

The End of Everything

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The End of Everything

by [APastandFutureNerd](#)

Summary

Hannibal and Will witness the end of the world in their beach house in Cuba.

Notes

Tw War, Nuclear Bombs

This is inspired by the incidents happening in the real world. Needless to say that I'm scared and not feeling hopeful for mankind and our future. These are dark times and the news horrify me.

My heart is with all people resisting war and fascists all over the world 💜 I try to donate as much money as I can to different causes!

Oh, and by the way, the laws of physics here are not accurate. I've watched a few videos on physics but didn't bother in the end as it was too complicated.

Thanks for reading!

Take care!

The high-pitched wailing of military sirens blared all over Cuba. The sound of disaster could be heard in the north, in the west and in south where Hannibal and Will resided. These were the last inevitable signs which could not be ignored. At last, disaster had caught up with the idyllic Caribbean paradise. The long beaches and the apartments there were empty, as empty as never before. Most people had already left their homes and made their way to seek refuge in public shelters.

Except Hannibal and Will. They stayed behind.

Despite the warnings by authorities and broadcasts, and the early information by contacts, the two men remained at their beach house.

Will had anticipated the escalation several weeks ago. The increasing tension in international politics as well as the tests of nuclear bombs had ultimately demanded for an escalation in the ever boiling conflicts. After a fragile peace for several years, planet earth would finally be doomed by the actions of one psychopathic leader.

The two men had debated if they should flee or not. But Will didn't want to be separated from him ever again, if they were discovered, incarcerated or, more likely, to be killed like strays. Hannibal had agreed and so they decided to make the best of the little time remaining.

Carpe diem. Make every day, no, every moment count.

At this moment, Will was seated at the dinner table on the veranda of their beach house, waiting for the third course. He smiled as Hannibal approached the table in his gracious way, carrying two plates filled with delicious, artfully draped food without trembling once. The meat got harvested from a serial rapist who had hidden and lived in Cuba for years.

A white skull, surrounded by white and black rose petals, formed the centrepiece. Two tall candles stood on either side of the white skull. The table cloth was indigo blue. A faint echo of Hannibal's life lived in Baltimore.

The older man paid the noise of military airplanes and the shrill sirens no attention and placed the plate before Will.

"Pot-roasted pork, with locally-sourced plantains, yellow chiles and piloncillo. Your favourite meal. Bon appétit, mon cher." He sighed, looking towards the island. "I am not sure if we will get to enjoy dessert today."

Will gave him a reassuring smile. "It doesn't matter. You already stuffed me in the last few days. Plus, the first two courses were superb."

Feeling reassured, Hannibal settled down on his chair. Will cut the meat, speared the piece of the "pork" with his silver fork and sought eye contact with his lover.

"You've outdone yourself, Hannibal. That asshole makes a formidable meal. If I am to die today, I will die a happy man," Will said with a fond smile. He led the fork to his mouth, licked around the meat before plunging it into his mouth. He swallowed and emitted a

sensual moan. Hannibal's eyes were fixed at Will's lips and his Adam's apple all the time. Hannibal wanted to memorise every detail of his beloved before he would leave this world forever.

"I am very glad that you find this meal to your liking. It's always important to nourish your body with good food. Especially when the world we know will cease to exist," Hannibal answered serenely and dabbed the corners of his mouth with his napkin. "But you forgot one important thing." A fond, admiring look lay in his maroon eyes.

"And what's that?" Will asked in a teasing tone, raising his eyebrows slightly.

"You provided the main ingredient. If you hadn't taken the risk, we wouldn't have this delicious dinner." Hannibal leaned forward, reaching out for Will's right hand. His fingers brushed over the golden band on his ring finger a few times.

"I am so proud of your becoming, Will," he breathed. "That night, your wrath was glorious to behold. For a moment even I was afraid of your ravenous beast."

Will's grin widened; his cerulean eyes gained a devilish expression. He led Hannibal's hands to his mouth, then kissed and licked each and every one of his fingers. A purr left Hannibal's mouth as Will caressed his fingers and steered them towards his jagged scar on his clean-shaven cheek.

Until a loud, deafening grumble tore them out of their reverie.

Hannibal and Will jerked in their seats, tilted their heads and stared at the gigantic orange-red fireball rising up from the mainland of Cuba, slowly taking the shape of a mushroom.

"So this is it," Will said, swallowing. "The end of everything. The last apocalyptic horseman has arrived."

Another deafening bang echoed over the main island. The palm trees began to bend in the surging wind. The ocean, usually so quiet and serene, raged. Big waves formed with white foam on the top.

The table rumbled, the wine bottle fell from the table, breaking into pieces, staining the wooden flooring with its crimson content. The glass windows on the first floor burst with a loud clangour. Cascades of glass splinters rained down on them. Tiles came flying from the roof as the roof collapsed with a loud groan. Dust rose up in the air, creating a dense fog.

Using up all of their strength to resist the pull of the wind, they waded towards the beach. Having reached the beach, Hannibal and Will finally slumped on the sand, watching entropy descending into chaos.

"I love you, Will," Hannibal spoke, clutching Will's shirt tightly. Tears shimmered in his eyes. "It was beautiful."

"I love you, too, Hannibal."

Their lips collided in a last, passionate, all-encompassing kiss They kissed and held on to each other until the forces tore their bodies apart and darkness engulfed them.

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